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The Passion of Fear in the Works of Stevenson.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHEN we speak of a man as a coward we always mean that we despise him. Cowardice is a mere disqualification in life, not even positive enough to be called a vice. But fear is not necessarily the coward's feeling; for it is not in itself ignoble, and very often the man who fears is made of finer clay than the man who remains tranquil. The merely thick-skinned sort of courage which Scott gives to Cuddle Headrigg, and which consists simply of "insensibility to danger," is common enough, and is of much less value than the finely-tempered man's fear. Thus, strange as it may seem, so-called courage is often just the measure of a man's stupidity, while his fear means that his imagination is active enough to conceive the evil that is coming, and his spirit is quick enough, and sensitive enough, to shrink from it instinctively. "Hoots !" says Alan Breck, when he is consoling David Balfour for the fear the latter could not avoid showing at that terrible leap across the stream; "small blame to ye! to be feared of a thing and yet to do it, is what makes the prettiest kind of man!" Alan himself is a man of the most undaunted courage, but he is a man of lively imagination too; and his final words of consolation are full of meaning: "And then there was water there, and water's a thing that dauntons even me."

Every nation, without exception, has had its own peculiar type of courage, and some nations (and those not the least brave) have not been ashamed that even their warriors shrank from pain and wept bitterly in disaster. It was so with the Greeks; from the beginning to the end of their history. Of all peoples that ever existed they were the swiftest and most mobile in mind, and sometimes their swiftness was genius, and sometimes it was mere fickleness. Some of the most brilliant Greeks had both kinds

of swiftness—Alcibiades, for instance, and Themistocles—and the first kind made them almost indispensable to their country, while the second made it impossible for their country to rely on them. The Greeks, being so quick to imagine and so sensitive to feel, were the very fairest prey for fear; but they had immense force too, and immense self-control, and that turned their fear into the very finest kind of courage. There is no warrior like one who fights having first mastered his fear; for all that store of intense feeling that *was* fear is now turned into positive courage. It is true of Indians too that they are imaginative and sensitive; and this makes them apt to be afraid in the contemplation of coming difficulty or disaster; but that only means that, with firm resolution added, the Indian becomes "the prettiest kind of man!"

Now it may seem strange that in thinking of Stevenson, the ever-courageous, who preached high-heartedness as a gospel, and urged our "great task of happiness," and owned allegiance to "our *cheerful* General on high," one should take "the passion of fear" in his work as a subject; but anyone who has studied him much will agree that few more characteristic subjects could have been chosen. "Fear" is one of the commonest words in Stevenson; and his descriptions of fear are among the most intense and living things he has done. The reason of this lies in his own disposition. It is true that he was one of the most courageous of men. He had both positive and negative courage. That is, he was courageous in action and supremely courageous in his long suffering. "For fourteen years," he writes to George Meredith, "I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove... I was made for a contest, and the powers have so willed that my battle-field should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle." Note the words, "I am made for a contest." What sort of man is "made for a contest?" Not preminently the unresponsive man of brute courage, the man upon whom danger or pain makes little impression; but rather the man who feels keenly and knows what imaginative dread is, and yet finds the strong spirit within him ready to struggle still, and struggle joyfully. For such sensitive yet valiant spirits Stevenson has found the fine phrase "knights of the unshielded heart," and such a knighthood was his own. Now, that very unshielded heart of his, laid bare to every feeling, gave him his wonderfully wide and keen sympathy, and at the same time made him peculiarly sensitive to the tremors of fear. That is what makes Stevenson's fear-pictures unique.

Catriona is lacking in such pictures but *Kidnapped* is rich in them. David has been sent by his uncle (who seeks to get rid of him, even at the price of murder) on an errand up a lofty broken tower-stair; and he ascends, little thinking that, at a certain point in the stair, he will inevitably be precipitated into the well beneath.

"The house of Shaws stood some five full storeys high, not counting lofts. Well, as I advanced, it seemed to me the stair grew airier and a thought more lightsome;

and I was wondering what might be the cause of this change, when a second blink of the summer lightning came and went. If I did not cry out, it was because fear had me by the throat; and if I did not fall, it was more by Heaven's mercy than my own strength. It was not only that the flash shone in on every side through breaches in the wall, so that I seemed to be clambering aloft upon an open scaffold, but the same passing brightness showed me the steps were of unequal length, and that one of my feet rested that moment within two inches of the well. The mere thought of the peril in which I might have stood, and the dreadful height I might have fallen from, brought out the sweat upon my body and relaxed my joints!"—This is simply the horror of a healthy, clean-minded boy, placed suddenly in a terrrible situation. It is partly physical shrinking and partly imaginative dismay.

A little further on we have another fear-picture, equally true, and still more powerful; and this time the terror is not that of an innocent boy but that of a guilty old man.—

"Now, whether my uncle thought the crash to be the sound of my fall, or whether he heard in it God's voice denouncing murder, I will leave you to guess. Certain it is, at least, that he was seized on by a kind of panic fear, and that he ran into the house and left the door open behind him I followed as softly as I could and coming unheard into the kitchen, stood and watched him.

"He had found time to open the corner cupboard and bring out a great case bottle of aquavitae, and now sat with his back towards me at the table. Ever and again he would be seized with a fit of deadly shuddering and groan aloud, and carrying the bottle to his lips, drink down the raw spirits by the mouthful.

"I stepped forward, came close behind him where he sat, and suddenly slapping my two hands down upon his shoulders—'Ah!' cried I.

"My uncle gave a kind of broken cry like a sheep's bleat, flung up his arms, and tumbled to the floor like a dead man.

"He lay as he had fallen, all huddled, with one knee up and one arm sprawling abroad; his face had a strange colour of blue, and he seemed to have ceased breathing. Fear came on me that he was dead: then I got water and dashed it in his face; and with that he seemed to come a little to himself, working his mouth and fluttering his eyelids. At last he looked up and saw me, and there came into his eyes a terror that was not of this world.

"'Are ye alive?' he sobbed. 'O man, are ye alive?'—'That am I', said I. 'Small thanks to you.' He had begun to seek for his breath with deep sighs.—'The blue phial,' said he, 'in the aumry the blue phial.' His breath came slower still. He heard me all through in silence; and then, in a broken voice, begged me to let him go to bed."—The intensity of that picture needs no remarking, and it is subtle as well as intense. For besides the sheer cowardice of *guilt* (which becomes actual horror upon the sudden appearance of the person wronged), we find there a curious, piteous struggle between that horror, and dismay at the failure of the desperate scheme, and a kind of weak gasping relief that the boy still lives, and there can now be no memory of murder to haunt the guilty conscience for ever. The old man is not of the stuff of which murderers are made, but his very soul is eaten up with avarice, and he has no resisting power against either temptation or terror.

There are enough fear passages in "Kidnapped" to occupy all our space. Another extremely fine one, which our readers will find it well worth while to study, is that of David's fear (intense and sensitive, though well overmastered) in the round house. But that, and other "Kidnapped" passages, we must pass by.

Now this sort of thing is to be found throughout the works of Stevenson, though perhaps there are not very many passages that can be so easily taken out from their contexts. In "Ebb-Tide," for instance, we do not see much of the hero before we feel that he too is a man of subtly imaginative fear. But we have not space to multiply instances, and the best thing that any reader who feels interested in this aspect of Stevenson's work can do is to trace the fear-passion through one small volume of shorter stories; and this is "The Merry Men"—called after the first story in it. Some of the most remarkable fear-passages in Stevenson are scattered through this book; and one of the stories, "Markheim," is a fear-study pure and simple.

Markheim is a strange character, whimsical and sudden in his ways, and when he finds himself in the dealer's shop the impulse (born of a swift feeling of unconquerable repulsion) under which he kills that dealer is almost of the nature of insanity. But he is not insane: that, just as it would spoil a tragedy, would take away all its significance from the story. He is only a sort of genius of feeling—feeling that comes in sudden and irresistible tides upon him, and of which restlessness and reckless action are born. The story is simply a record of subtly-varying terrors after the crime.. His are not remorseful feelings, for his moral sense is as weak as his will; but in him too imagination is the power of all powers that sways and terrifies him. The narrative throughout has the strange ease and fluency of a dream: its emotional transitions admit of no question in the belief of the reader.

It is impossible to show by mere quotation the power of an analysis such as this, where every word, page after page, is pregnant, and all tends towards the passionate climax; but even isolated passages are in themselves memorable.

"The long skewer-like dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his head upon the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap."

In the new, terrific solitude even the ticking of the clocks is a fearful accusation.

"Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age; others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of ticking. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught; and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea: the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

"From these fear-stricken rovings, Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strange

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meaner than in life. In those poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion -there it must lie till it was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead flesh lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. 'Time was that when the brains were out', he thought; and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished—time, which had closed for the victim, had became instant and momentous for the slayer.

"The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice—one as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz-the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

"The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and for with the candle, beleaguered by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home design, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an army of spies; his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still, as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him, with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cauticus, and only bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also; he should have done all things otherwise: poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rates in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping defile, the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the black coffin." Soon upon this horrifying, haunted solitude of his comes a startling invasion from the strangely heedless, yet equally terrifying world outside.—

"Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shop-door, accompanying his blows with shouts and railleries in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond earshot of these blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice above the howling of a storm, had become an empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed."

The sight of the blood on the dead man's temples awakes his memory strangely. He remembers a day when, as a boy, he visited a village fair, and gazed with horror there on pictures of murdered men. And since such distant memories are among the subtlest and most powerful things in life, and, in particular, the remembrance

of *sounds* that we have heard in childhood is curiously stirring either for joy or for sorrow in our later years, there is profound suggestion in the following words.—

"A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory; and at that, for the first time, a qualm came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

"He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations; looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realise the nature and greatness of his crime. So little a while ago that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness; the same heart which had shuddered before the painted effigies of crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, not a tremor."

One last passage we must give, for here we have the curiously disguised terror of retribution which arrests and disturbs even the most irreligious of men.—

"He wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some wilful illegality of nature. He played a game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the chess board, should break the mould of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim: the solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him: if, for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called the hands of God reached forth against sin. But about God Himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice." And here too Stevenson portrays the truth, for the proverb that "to know all is to excuse all" appeals much to this type of mind; and the guilty man hardly ever admits himself wholly blameworthy. Nor is there anyone who would not rather be judged by a God who knows everything, than by the imperfect knowledge and sympathies of men.

One might quote and illustrate for ever; but surely Stevenson's unique power in this matter is already clear. We leave to our readers the task of tracing it through volumes from which we have not apace to quote.

POETRY OF CHILDHOOD.

(To illustrate the idea of Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" Vaughan's exquisite lines on "The Retreat" are always quoted. But that same idea—that the child comes at birth from a far country, and is at first an alien in this darker world—is expressed with almost equal beauty in this less-known poem of Mr. Gosse).

To my daughter.

Thou hast the colours of the spring,
The gold of kingcups triumphing,
The blue of wood-bells wild;
But winter-thoughts thy spirit fill,
And thou art wandering from us still,
Too young to be our child.

Yet have thy fleeting smiles confessed,
Thou dear and much-desired guest,
That home is near at last;
Long lost in high mysterious lands,
Close by our door thy spirit stands,
Its journey well-nigh past.

Oh sweet bewildered soul, I watch
The fountains of thine eyes, to catch
New fancies building there;
To feel our common light, and lose
The flush of strange ethereal hues
Too dim for us to share;

Fade, cold immortal lights, and make
This creature human for my sake,
Since I am nought but clay;
An angel is too fine a thing
To sit beside my chair and sing,
And cheer my passing day.

I smile, who could not smile, unless
The air of rapt unconsciousness
Passed, with the fading hours;
I joy in every childish sign
That proves the stranger less divine
And much more meekly ours.

I smile, as one by night who sees,
Through mist of newly-budded trees,
The clear Orion set,
And knows that soon the dawn will fly
In fire across the riven sky,
And gild the woodlands wet.

Edmund Gosse.

Feigned courage.

Horatio, of ideal courage vain,
Was flourishing in air his father's cane,
And, as the fumes of valour swelled his pate,
Now thought himself *this* hero, and now *that*;
"And now," he cried, "I will Achilles be;
My sword I brandish, see, the Trojans flee!
Now I'll be Hector when his angry blade
A lane through heaps of slaughtered Grecians made!
And now by deeds still braver I'll convince,
I am no less than Edward the Black Prince.
Give way, ye coward French!" As thus he spoke,
And aimed in fancy a sufficient stroke
To fix the fate of Cressy or Poictiers
(The nurse relates the hero's fate with tears);
He struck his milk-white hand against a nail,
Sees his own blood, and feels his courage fail.
Ah! where is now that boasted valour flown,
That in the tented field so late was shown?
Achilles weeps, great Hector hangs his head;
And the black Prince goes whimpering to bed.

Mary Lamb.

Childhood and his visitors.

Once on a time, when sunny May
  Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair childhood hard at play
  Upon a bank of blushing flowers:
Happy—he knew not whence or how,
  And smiling, who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than childhood's brow,
  Was the blue heaven that beam'd above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
  That valley's green repose invaded;
The brooks grew dry upon his path,
  The birds were mute, the lilies faded.
But Time so swiftly wing'd his flight,
  In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That Childhood watch'd his paper kite.
  And knew just nothing of the matter,

With curling lip and glancing eye
  Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute;
But Childhood's glance of purity
  Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
  Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
  Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepp'd a gloomy phantom up,
  Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,
And proffer'd him a fearful cup,
  Full to the brim of bitter water:
Poor childhood bade her tell her name;
  And when the beldame mutter'd—"Sorrow,"
He said,—"Don't interrupt my game;
  I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

Then wisdom stole his bat and ball,
  And taught him, with most sage endeavour,
Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
  And why no toy may last for ever.
She talk'd of all the wondrous laws
  Which Nature's open book discloses,
And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
  Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on! Oh, Manhood's dreams
  Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
  Of cherish'd love, or hoarded treasure;
But to the couch where Childhood lies
  A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,
  And glimpses of remember'd Heaven!

W. M. Praed.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION

By the Editior.

(In this series of studies we take an essay, or part of an essay, actually written by a student, and rewrite it in the adjoining column, giving notes upon the chief correctionn. Students will find it helpful to study even the smallest changes, and try to understads the reasons for them).

III

"THE VALUE OF STYLE."

Original Essay.

Nothing in literature so fully brings out the character of a man of high literary faculties as style. It is, in the main, abstract, and connotes the peculiar qualities of the man. There is every truth[1] in the remark that style shows the man. [2] Just as child is father to the man, so is style [3].

A close attention[4] to the style of an author can give the reader a detailed account of his likes and dislikes, of his whims and caprices, of what he has loved to his heart's core,[5] of his width and depth of learning, above all of his true nature and his favourite pursuits in life. An author exercises a remarkable influence over his style.[6] A botanist can tell from some distance to what group a flower belongs by its smell. Just so a critical examination of one's style is enough to measure the true character of one.[7] English literature is not lacking in instances to bear witness to this statement[8]. Considering Addison's style, we must note that it is both elegant and pure. These two epithets clearly place before us that[9] Addison was by nature an elegant and pure man. None in literature was so much respected by the people and regarded so much as an idol as Addison...(Here we omit a number of remarks, some relevant, some irrelevant, about Addison).

Let us next pass on to Johnson's style. His style, as all know,[10] is full of Latinisms, puns, conceits, of his love of abstract for the concrete and of long windy[11] sentences. These[12] fully show the actual tendencies of Johnson. What books Johnson read with avidity, what his peculiar nature was, how much[13] learned he was and how fully he tore the heart out[14] of books—these[12] are clearly brought out.

(Here we must stop, for this essay, like most others, is much too long to comment on in its completeness).

Corrected Version.

Of all literary qualities style is the most expressive of personality. Being of an abstract nature, it has the power of suggesting to us the peculiar qualities of the writer. Thus there is truth in the saying that the style the man.

By close study of an author's style, one can often arrive at a fairly correct idea not only of his learning but also of his nature,—sometimes even of the pursuits and the caprices to which his temperament inclines him. For it is himself—his native disposition—that creates his style. As its fragrance reveals the flower, so his style reveals the writer.

There are numberless examples of this in English literature. For instance, from the purity and grace of Addison's style we may very rightly conclude that in his life, too, there was a certain purity and graciousness; and this conclusion proves correct, for few English men of letters have been so lovable, and so truly idolised, as he.

To pass now, to Dr. Johnson—his love of Latinisms and of various verbal artificialities, and his preference for abstract expressions, indicate at once his learning and his industry and the peculiar bent of his mind.

NOTES.

1. The essayist has in his mind the phrase, "there is every *reason* to think" and wrongly imagines that it is right to say, similarly, "there is every *truth* in," etc.

ii. An incorrect allusion to a proverbial saying.

iii. There are several mistakes here. (i) If we say "*the* man" we must also say "*the* child". (ii) "So is style" means "style also is father to the man," which is just the opposite of what he means to say.

iv. An abstract noun like "attention" must not, as a rule, have the indefinite article, unless it is followed by a relative pronoun. It would be permissible to say, "He listened with an attention that never flagged." This wrong use of the indefinite article is very common among Indian students, and the following are some other examples of it quoted in Mr. Whitworth's "Indian English."

"The volume of which he makes a mention."
"After a mature deliberation."
"Those who seek a government employment."
"Those who can advance such a fallacious reasoning."

As Mr. Whitworth remarks, such mistakes are due, in many cases, to the fact that the word used may be used *in another sense* with this article; and the following are some of his instances of mistakes due to this cause.—

"Having made a rapid progress."
"So violent a language."
"The report is in literary form, and invites a study."
"There is a talk of an additional judge being appointed."

v. "Heart's core" is ridiculous. "Heart" by itself sufficiently suggests inwardness.

vi. It is absurdly inadequate to say that an author merely *influences* his own style.

vii. Intolerably clumsy.

viii. A clumsy, roundabout, bombastic sentence. The phrase "is not lacking" is far too much used by students.

ix. "Place before us" cannot take a dependent clause as its object. It is right to say, "He placed before us the fact of his ruin;" but not, "He placed before us that he was ruined."

x. Students should avoid, as they would the plague, such phrases as "as all know," "it is universally admitted," "it is agreed on all sides," unless there is some special *point* in their use. For instance, the last two should not be used unless you are contrasting one statement that is universally agreed in, with another that is not. Many students constantly use these phrases merely as an alternative way of making an ordinary positive statement; and the effect is not *emphasis* but *weakness*.

xi. There is, of course, no such phrase, as "long windy." He is perhaps thinking of "long-winded," which is a colloquial word, not permissible in an essay; though correctors of essays are sometimes constrained to use it. (It finds a place, for instance, in our marginal comments in the Ms. of this essay !).

xii. "These" is very often wrongly used for "these things," "these considerations", etc. In this sentence we could say, "these characteristics show," or "these are characteristics that show," but not simply "these show."

xiii. "How," but not "how much," may be used to modify an adjective.

xiv. The metaphor is much too violent.

CAMŒNS: HIS EPIC OF INDIA

By P. Seshadri, M. A.

I

ELIZABETH Barrett Browning sees in her *Vision of Poets*:

Camoens, with that look he had
Compelling India's genius sad
From the wave through the Lusiad;
The murmurs of the storm-cape ocean
Indraw in vibrative emotion
Along the verse.

But the great Portuguese poet who has conferred upon India the high distinction of commemorating her in a magnificent epic has unfortunately not met with sufficient recognition in the East. The *Lusiad* of Camoens takes rank among the finest epics of modern times and its literary merit alone is thus enough to claim for it the universal interest of students of literature. Its theme is the 'discovery' of India by Vasco de Gama, the poet being among the first in the West to celebrate on any adequate scale, the fascination of this land in poetry. This double qualification is probably enough ground for drawing the attention of students in India to some aspects of this masterpiece and its distinguished author.

The career of Camoens has not many parallels in the literary history of the world in the romantic nature of its incidents. Soldier, sailor, poet and exile, he met with the strangest vicissitudes in his life. He had on various occasions to feel the displeasure of his sovereign. It was his lot again to drudge in poverty, trying to acquire the bare means of subsistence. Even the humiliation of exile and imprisonment was his, and all his genius was of no avail against the neglect of his contemporaries, which was responsible in no small measure for the misery which fell to his share. The poet who was to be hailed by posterity as the 'Apollo Portuguez', spent his days in some of the keenest forms of mental and bodily anguish.

Without entering into the controversies of biographers, it may be ventured that he was born at Lisbon in 1524. He came of an old, aristocratic family and was a kinsman of the great Vasco de Gama himself. He could thus take a deep personal interest in the exploits of the Portuguese hero, his sense of patriotism finding an additional impulse of excitement in family pride. After a course of early education in the institutions which were then the centres of intellectual culture in Portugal, he found himself in Lisbon as a fine, polished young man, received into the best society, by virtue of his good birth and brilliant accomplishments. Fortune seemed to smile on him, and swimming gaily in the society of the fashionable capital, the future seemed to open to him nothing but a world of mirth and happiness.

Not the least of the romantic features of Camoens' career is the numerous episodes of love which centre in his personality. And the earliest and most important of them began at a time when he was hardly out of his teens. On Good Friday of 1544, he saw Catherina, who had just become lady-in-waiting to the Queen, and this girl of thirteen summers evoked in him a devotion and enthusiasm which can be compared in intensity of emotion only to the loves of Dante and Petrarch for Beatrice and Laura. He poured forth his passionate longing for her in a series of songs and sonnets dedicated to his '*Natherica*', and her fascination haunted his imagination long after her death, when he was toiling as an exile in the 'branding summers' of

India. If they do not rise to the spotless purity and platonic worship of Dante's *Vita Nuova*, they display an equal constancy of aim and sincerity of passion. The imagery is sometimes too frank to meet with the unqualified approval of modern taste, but it is only sentimental purism that will condemn the general level as vulgar. The same aspect of his genius was to meet with further development in the various stages of his life, every one of which was associated with some amorous episode or other—a Hindu girl being the heroine of one of them.

Camoens was not to bask in sunshine for long. Having been discovered in a stolen interview with Nathercia, he was banished to the Upper Tagus,—such was the power of the noblemen who were her relations. The youth fresh from college had to face the loneliness of banishment from home for some months, and he found himself back in Lisbon in 1546. Prudence and caution have never been associated with the genius of poetry and Camoens repeated his offence, to be exiled as a soldier to Ceita or Cewta in Africa. The son of Apollo now put on the grim equipment of Mars, took part in several campaigns and even won the distinction of receiving wounds on the battle field. Tradition affirms that he lost one of his eyes and received the appellation of the man with 'the eye-less face.' Service in Africa claimed him for three years and when he came back to Lisbon as a poor poet, he was again to involve himself in trouble. It was on a day when the hilarity of a festival was supreme in the streets, that he drew his sword in a brawl, like noble Romeo in defence of his friend. Imprisonment was the consequence. He was relieved from it only when he volunteered himself for service in the East, and that was to open for him a new chapter of thrilling adventures.

On the 24th March, 1553, the poet, now in his thirtieth year set sail for India, in what may be regarded as the third exile of his life. He landed in Goa, the then capital of the Portuguese empire in the East, and found himself in a land remarkable for its natural beauties. Tropical scenery with its wealth of light and colour impressed itself profoundly upon his warm temperament and the *Lusiad* bears ample evidence of his rapturous appreciation of the land of the pearl and the palm. His enjoyment of the delights of the world was sufficiently keen to infuse happiness into his life, but he was harping continually on his sense of exile—pouring forth lament after lament in resonant and feeling verse, for the land of his birth which seemed to vanish away from his vision for ever. The vice and licentiousness of the capital had reached an infamous notoriety in his time and the tainted atmosphere filled him with an intense disgust which expressed itself in the fierce satire, *Disparates na India* or the vagaries of India. Goa was 'the mother of villains and the step-mother of honest men.'

It would be futile to attempt the task of tracing his miscellaneous wanderings in the East. From Arabia and the confines of the Persian Gulf, to China in the East and Ceylon in the South, he was tossed about for years on various commercial, diplomatic and martial missions, acquiring all the experience of the world and knowledge of mankind, which was to stand him in such good stead when he came to compose the *magnum opus* of his life. His poetical inspiration was however not barren during this long interval. Students of English poetry will re-

member in Wordsworth's well-known Sonnet on the Sonnet, a reference to Camoens 'soothing an exile's grief' with this instrument. And his Sonnets and Lyrics come to two volumes in Richard Burton's classical edition of his works. The emotional experience embedded in these passionate outpourings is capable of the finest appeal, and one is disposed to rank the sonnets unhesitatingly with such brilliant productions of the same type in English poetry, as the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare, the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* of Elizabeth Browning or the *House of Life* of Dante Rossetti.

It was not before undergoing sixteen years of exile that he was able to achieve the cherished desire of getting back to the land of his birth. The treachery of an ignoble friend threw him into prison in Mozambique and he was relieved by mere accident, a Portuguese ship with some of his friends having chanced to enter the harbour. A ship-wreck in which he ran very close risk of losing his life was another disaster. And it was to a plague-stricken city which insisted on a painfully long period of quarantine that he had come. The political situation was not more favourable to him than it was when he had left. The expected preferment was long in coming, and when it came it was tardy as has been the case with many a son of genius. The publication of the *Lusiad*, the immortal poem which was to make him one of the world's greatest bards, was the only silver lining to this cloud of densest gloom. But it only brought him the paltry reward of an irregularly paid pension of £ 3-8-0 a year, and even that he was destined to enjoy only for eight years.

There is nothing more pathetic in the entire range of the world's literary history than the melancholy circumstances that gathered round Camoens in the last years of his life. Aged and reduced to crutches, he had to depend on public charity for his daily bread. There was a faithful Goanese slave who administered some consolation by helping him in the work of begging, and his death caused him a pang which he could compare in intensity only to his grief at the death of his beloved Catrina. It was one long tale of misery and wretchedness, a tragedy of suffering equalled only in fiction, or at least found among only a handful of examples recorded in history. He died in a charity hospital in 1580, 'without a sheet wherewith to cover himself,' and attended by a poor monk who had been attracted to him by his intellectual greatness. Even the winding sheet was the gift of an alm-house. No stone marked his grave and no inscription blazoned his virtues. The country had ignored its greatest poet, 'the poet encyclopædiast,' as a critic has observed 'who gave birth to a national compendium of belles-letters ranging from epigram to epic.' Those who realise the underlying causes of the nation's ingratitude will not probably find it difficult to understand why the glory and independence of the country perished with its great patriot and master of song. The nation has made some amends for it in recent years, by attempts to perpetuate his memory, but a recollection of the last scenes of his life is enough to brand their conduct with eternal infamy.

Enough has probably been said to show that the career of Camoens is of greater biographical interest than even that of such personages as Byron, Goethe and Rousseau, who have furnished endless material for the biographer. The

romance of his life has been described in these words by one of his distinguished biographers referred to already, Richard Burton : 'Opening with the fairest and brightest promise,' exposed in manhood to the extremes of vicissitude, to intense enjoyment and 'terrible abysses,' lapsing about middle age into the weariness of baffled hope ; and ending comparatively early, in the deepest glooms of disappointment, distress and destitution, the Student, the Soldier, the Traveller, the Patriot, the Poet, the mighty man of genius, thus crowded into a single career the efforts, the purposes, the events of half-a-dozen... Considered in such light the Portuguese may be looked upon as unique : never was such a spirit 'so maltreated by fortune'.

But will not his spirit find some consolation in the reverence with which the world of to-day looks up to the poetic treasure he has bequeathed to posterity ? The story of the discovery and conquest of India must be left to another occasion, when the reader will hear Camoens sing :

Arms and the Heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,
Thro' seas where sail was never spread before,
Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast,
And waves her woods above the watery waste,
With prowess more than human forced their way
To the fair kingdom of the rising day.

(To be concluded next month).

DIALOGUE

"The Schoolmaster"

LAST month we gave one of Herodas' "Mimes", or real-life dialogues, and this month, as we promised, we give another. Last month's was "The Cobbler," and now we have "The Schoolmaster." It must be remembered that, in spite of their remarkable modernness, these Greek dialogues are much more than two thousand years old. As before, the translation is free, while keeping faithful to the meaning of the original, and is largely that of Mr. R. T. Clark.

Characters :—

Lampriskos, the Schoolmaster.
Kottalos, an unruly pupil.
Kokkalos, Euthies, Phillos } Pupils.
Metrotime, Mother of Kottalos.

Scene :—In the School-room of Lampriskos. He is teaching, and Metrotime enters, dragging in Kottalos.

Met. Lampriskos, may the dear Muses give you joy and pleasure in life if you will hoist up this accursed son of mine, and flog him till his soul is ready to jump out through his lips ! Woe is me : he has ruined our home with his gambling. It wasn't enough for him to play with dice, but he gets worse every day. He had to stop and think before he could tell me even where his teacher's house was, when the thirtieth day of the month came, and it was time (plague on it !) to pay your fee. Even if I were to scream like King

Nannakos (1), it would be no use! But of course he knows perfectly where the gambling-den is, a place frequented by porters and runaway slaves. Yes: he can show anyone the way there! His poor writing-tablet, which I take the trouble to wax every month, lies neglected beside the post of his bed. He scowls at it as if it were Hades, and never writes anything on it properly, but only scrapes the wax off. But he keeps his *dice* carefully enough: they lie in his bag or his satchel, and are a lot more brightly polished than our oil flask, which we use every day. He doesn't even know the first letter of the alphabet, even after you've shouted it at him half a dozen times. Three days ago, his father tried to teach him how to write the word "Maron," and he (the genius!) wrote "Simon" (2) instead! Oh, I began calling myself a fool for ever trying to teach him letters, and not setting him to feed mules: but, you see, I had hoped that he might get on well, and be a support to me in my old age. And again, when either I or his father order him to recite a piece like any other scholar (the old man, of course, is weak in ears and eyes) out it comes, word by word, drop by drop, like water from a leaky vessel. "Apollo—god—of—the—chase." (Turning to Kokkalos) Why even your grandmother could say it, confound you, and she can't read a word: the first wretched Phrygian slave you meet could do it.—If we reprove him loudly, he deserts the house, and we don't see him for days, and in the meantime he gets his living from his poor grandmother, an old soul with hardly anything to live on herself; or else he climbs onto the roof, and hangs down from it like a monkey; imagine what my poor heart feels like when I see him! Oh, it is isn't for *him* I'm anxious,—but the tiles of the roof are getting broken like cakes, and when the winter comes I'll have to pay three half-obols (3) for each tile, in spite of my tears! Oh, yes: when damage is done, gossip all over the neighbourhood says that this is the work of Kottalos, the son of Metrotime,—and of course it's all perfectly true, so that we have to spend so much in damages that we can't get anything to eat. See too how he has torn all his clothes in a wood: you'd think he was a fisherman of Delos (4), dragging out a weary existence on the sea. He knows the dates of *holidays* better even than the astronomers do, and can't sleep for thinking when they're coming.—Now, Lampriskos, if you want the Muses to give you a happy life and keep you in prosperity, don't give him less than—

Lam. You needn't beg any more, Metrotime, for I'll give him quite as much without it. Euthies, come here,—and you, Kokkalos. Be quick and get him on your shoulders, for the moon of Akeses is now full! (5) Kottalos, these are pretty doings of yours! So it isn't enough for you to be playing dice as your school-friends do, but you must needs go to that gambling-den and play pitch-and toss? Now I'm going to make you as meek as a girl, not able to stir a straw, since that's your game.—Give me that bull's tail, my most stinging strap, with which I thrash the little dancers in my private room. Give it me, I say, before I get angry.

Koll. Oh, not that one! Oh, not that one. I do beseech you, Lampriskos, by the Muses and by your beard and by Koutis, your beloved daughter, don't beat me with that strap! Take another one, please do!

Lam. No! You are such a little wretch, Kottalos, that no-one has a good word to

say about you. No-one could speak well of you even if he were trying to sell you as a slave, even in a country where mice eat iron!

Koll. How—how may lashes are you going to—

Lam. I 'm not deciding that. Ask your mother.

Koll. O mummie, mummie, how many am I to have, I, your own little—

Met. As many as your wretched back will stand.

(*Lampriskos* beats him).

Koll. Oh, oh—stop: enough, enough, Lampriskos!

Lam. Then will you stop your wickedness?

Koll. Yes, yes, indeed: I won't do it again! Oh, Lampriskos, I swear it, by the dear Muses.

Lam. What a flow of language you have now! Look here, I'll close your mouth with a gag if you don't stop your yelling.

Koll. See, I'm quiet. Oh, don't kill me, please.

Lam. Let him down now, Kokkalos.

Met. No, no: don't stop, Lampriskos. Thrash on till the sun goes down.

Lam. But he's black and blue already, like a spotted snake.

Met. And what about his neglecting his lessons? Do you think that's a mere nothing? Twenty more strokes at least, even if he promises to read better than the Muse of history herself.

(Kottalos runs off, sticking out his tongue at Metrotime).

Lam. Now you had better go and get your tongue steeped in honey—as quick as you like.

Met. I think I'll tell the old man about it all as soon as I get home, and I'll bring back fetters and let the dear Muses here, whom he hates, see him dance before them, fast tied!

Notes. 1. Nannakos was a King of Phrygia who, foreseeing the coming of the flood, besought heaven's aid with loud lamentations.

2. Maron was one of the heroes who fought at Thermopylæ: Simon was a proverbial name for a scoundrel.

3. About three annas.

4. Proverbial of poverty.

5. Akeses was a sailor who became proverbial for waiting till the night-time and then working with all his power, as he always said, "Wait till the moon is full."

(These notes are from the edition of Mr. R. T. Clark).

AN OLD GUIDE TO VERSIFICATION.

MORE than seventy years ago Richard Bentley published a strange little book called "The Comic English Grammar". It was illustrated by John Leech, one of the best of all humorous illustrators. Some years ago a delightful little edition of it was issued by Messrs. Methuen; and from this we are taking a part which we think our readers will rejoice to see—part of the chapter "On versification." It is very curious how many students—many of whom have read and appreciated a great deal of poetry—have neglected the study of prosody altogether, and though the chapter is professedly "comic" it is accurate as well as amusing! And in this subject there is a strange dearth of text-books suitable for students. The verses are of course intentionally ridiculous—"nonsense-verses"; but they serve for illustration, and we give some notes in brackets to make things clearer.

Versification is the making of verses. This seems such a truism as not to be worth stating; but it is necessary to define what versification is, because many people suppose it to be the same thing with poetry.

The feet used in poetry are either of two or of three syllables. There are four kinds of feet of two, and an equal number of three syllables. We have—

1. The Trochee, which has the first syllable accented, and the last unaccented: as, "Ya'nkee Doo'dle."

2. The Iambus, which has the first syllable unaccented, and the last accented: as, "Ala's! bedau'bs."

3. The Spondee, which has both the words or syllables accented: as, "A'll ha'il, grea't ki'ng, To'm Thumb: al'l ha'il."

4. The Pyrrhic, which has both the words or syllables unaccented: as, "On the tree-top."

5. The Dactyl, which has the first syllable accented and the two latter unaccented: as, "Jo'nathan, Je'fferson."

6. The Amphibrach has the first and last syllables unaccented and the middle one accented: as, "O'erwh'elming, transpo'rted, ecsta'tic, deli'ghtful, acce'pted, addre'sses."

7. The Anapaest (or as we used to say, *Nasty-beast*) has the two first syllables unaccented and the last accented: as, "Overgro'wn grenadi'er."

8. The Tribrach has all three syllables unaccented: as, "Matrimony, exquisiteness" (the feet are, of course, "trimony" "quisiteness".)

We shall now proceed to explain the nature of the principal combinations.

IAMBIC VERSES are of several kinds, each kind consisting of a certain number of feet or syllables.

I. The shortest form of the English Iambic consists of an Iambus, with an additional short syllable, thus coinciding with the Amphibrach: as,

What Su'san,
My bea'uty!
Refu'se one
So tru'e t'ye?
This di'tty
Of sa'dness
Begs pi'ty
For ma'dness!

2. The second form of the English Iambic consists of *two* Iambi, and sometimes takes an additional short syllable: as,

"My e'ye, what fu'n,
With do'g and gu'n,
And so'ng and shout,
To ro'am abo'ut!

3. The third form consists of *three* Iambi, as in the following *morceau*.

" Jack Sprat ate all the fat,
His wife ate all the lean,
And so between them both,
They licked the platter clean!]

In this form an additional unaccented syllable is also admitted: as,

" Alexis, youthful ploughboy
A shepherdess adored,
Who loved fat Hodge, the cowboy,
So t' other chap was floored!

(The second and fourth lines in the above stanza have no extra syllable. The first and third have).

4. The fourth form is made up of four Iambi: as,

" Adieu my boots, companions old,
New footed twice, and four times soled;
My footsteps ye have guarded long,
Life's brambles, thorns, and flints among;
And now you're past the cobbler's art
And Fate declares that we must part.
Ah me! what cordial can restore
The gaping patch repatch'd before?
What healing art renew the weal
Of subject so infirm of *heel*?
What potion, pill or drug control
So deep an ulcer of the *sole*? "

5. The fifth species of English Iambic consists of *five* Iambi: as,

"Come, Tragic Muse, in tatter'd vest array'd,

And while through blood, and mud, and crimes I wade,

Support my steps, and this, my strain, inspire

With Horror's blackest thoughts and bluest fire."

The Epic of which the above example is the opening, will perhaps appear hereafter. This kind of Iambic constitutes what is called the Heroic measure. We shall only remark at present that it, in common with most of the ordinary English measures, is susceptible of many varieties, by the admission of other feet, as Trochees, Dactyls, Anapaests, &c.

6. Our Iambic in its sixth form is commonly called the Alexandrine measure. It consists of six Iambi: as,

"His worship gave the word, and Snooks was borne away!"

The Alexandrine is sometimes introduced into Heroic rhyme, and when used, as the late Mr. John Reeve was wont to say, "with a little moderation," occasions an agreeable variety. Thus, the example quoted is preceded by the following lines:—

"What! found at midnight witha darkey, lit,
A bull-dog, jemmy, screw, and centre-bit,
And tongueless of his aim? It cannot be
But he was bent, at least, on felony;
He stands remanded. "Ho! Policeman A!"
"His worship gave the word, and Snooks was borne away."

7. The seventh and last form of our Iambic measure is made up of *Seven* Iambi. It runs thus:—

Good people all, I pray draw near, for you I needs must tell.

That William Brown is dead and gone; the man you knew full well.

A broad-brimm'd hat, black breeches, and an old Welsh wig he wore,

And now and then a long brown coat all button'd up before.

Verses of this kind are usually broken into two lines, with four feet in the first line, and three in the second: as,

"I wish I were a little pig.
To wallow in the mire,
To eat, and drink, and sleep at ease
Is all that I desire."

(This is called the ballad metre).

Trochaic verse is of various kinds.

The shortest Trochaic verse in the English language consists of one Trochee and an accented syllable: as,

"Bil'ly Bla'ck
Go't the sa'ck."

(These lines really consist of *two* trochees each; for, in a trochaic line an accented syllable at the end may stand for a whole trochee).

Lindley Murray asserts that this measure is defective in dignity, and can seldom be used on serious occasions. Yet it is Pope who sings thus:

"Dreadful screams,
Dismal gleams.
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe."

2. The second English form of the Trochaic consists of two feet: as,

"Ve'rmice'lli,
Cu'rrant je'lly."

It sometimes contains two feet (two trochees) with an additional accented syllable: as,

You'th incli'ned to w'ed,
G'o and sha've thy he'ad."

3. The third species consists of three trochees : as,

"Sing a song of sixpence",

or of three trochees with an additional accented syllable : as,

Thrice, my coat, have o'er thee rolled
Summer hot and winter cold,
Since the Snip's creative art
Into being bade thee start;
Now like works the most sublime,
Thou display'st the power of Time.
Broad grey patches plainl trace,y
Right and left, each blade-bone's place;
Threadbare sleeves thine age proclaim,
Elbows worn announce the same ;
Elbows mouldy-black of hue,
Save where white a crack shines through;
While thy parting seams declare
Thou'rt unfit for further wear—
Then, farewell! " What! Moses! ho!"
"Clo', Sir?clo', Sir? clo', Sir? clo'? "...

(The lines of this last passage consist of four trochees each, since the final accented syllable may count as a whole trochee.)

4. The fourth Trochaic species consists of four trochees : as

" Ugh, you little imp of blubber,
Sleep, oh sleep in quiet, do !
Cease awile your bib to slobber—
Cease your little mouth to screw.
" How I wish your eyelids never
Would unclose again at all ;
For I know as soon as ever
You're awake, you're sure to squall.'

(The second, fourth, sixth and eighth lines are like the lines in the previous passage.)

This forms, too, may take an additional long syllable: as,

" Chr'ononho'tontho'logo's the gre'at,
Go'dlike in' a ba'rrow ke'pt his sta'te."

(Really lines of five trochees each).

5. The fifth Trochaic species is likewise uncommon, and, as a Cockney would say, " uncommon " ugly. It contains *five* trochees : as,

" Here lies Mary, wife of Thomas Carter
Who to typhus fever proved a martyre

These are specimens of the " uncouth rhymes " so touchingly alluded to by Gray.

6. The sixth form of the English Trochaic is a line of six trochees : as,

" Most bewitching damsel, charming Arabella,
Prithee, cast an eye of pity on a fellow."

The DACTYLIC measure is extremely uncommon. The following may be considered an example of one species of it :

" Ce'lia the cru'el, reso'lv'd not to m'arry soon,
Boa'sts of a hea'rt like a fo'rtified ga'rrison,
Bu'lwarks and ba'ttlements ke'eping the bea'ux all off."

The first form of ANAPAESTIC verse is made up of two anapaests : as,

" Set a scho'olboy at wo'rk
With a kn'ife and a fo'rk."

2. The second species consists of three anapaests : as,

" Amary'llis was sle'nder and ta'll,
Colin Clo'dpole was du'mpy and fa't;
And though *sh'e* didn't lik'e him at a'll,
Yet he do'ted on *he'r* for all tha't."

3. The third kind of *English* Anapaestics may be very well exemplified by an *Irish* song :

" Have you e' e'r had the lu'ck to see Do'nnybrook Fa'ir ?"

It consists of four anapaests. Sometimes it admits of a short syllable at the end of the verse.

(Note that, in all metres, where there as a pause within the line, that pause is called the caesura.

Light on "The Ancient Mariner."

A complete edition of the poems of Coleridge has recently been published, edited by Mr. E. H. Coleridge. It contains a number of poems never before printed, but the most, interesting thing it gives us is its collection of variant readings in poems already familiar to us. Of particular interest are the various versions of passages in the Ancient Mariner; for they enable us to see the mind of Coleridge at work refining the *first* version (which was published in the "Lyrical Ballads") until it become the *last* version, which we know. The following paragraphs are quoted from the review of this new edition in the Times (London) literary supplement.

Mr. Coleridge prints all the variations of the first version in his notes to the final version, so that one can compare them with the text and see at a glance what later additions were made. So far as we can judge, every change was an improvement, negative or positive. In the early version Coleridge was too conscious that he was writing a ballad. He sometimes tried to be naive and quaint, and succeeded in being almost silly—

> He holds him with his skinny hand—
> Quoth he, "There was a ship"—
> "Now get thee hence, thou greybeard Loon,
> *Or my staff shall make thee skip.*"

Sometimes, too, he insisted too much on detail. Thus he said of the Albatross that "the mariners gave it biscuit-worms," which is very likely just what they would have done. But in the final version this line becomes—

> It ate the food it ne'er had eat.

And it is worth while considering why the change is an improvement. It is not because biscuit-worms are prosaic or an anachronism, but because they arrest the reader's attention and keep it too long on the first line of the stanza. We might define the prosaic in poetry as we define dirt. It is merely matter in the wrong place. These biscuit-worms, if they were a detail important to the main theme of the poem, would not be prosaic, however disgustful in themselves. They were struck out because, being disgustful, they were likely to attract more notice than was due to them. No doubt Coleridge first put them in because he was reacting against the abstract vagueness of eighteenth century poetry. Indeed, "The Ancient Mariner" in its first version was a manifesto as well as a wonderful poem. It was the most romantic of all poems of the romantic movement.

There was no passage in it which gave Coleridge so much trouble as that in which he describes the Skeleton-ship with Death and Life-in-Death on board. This is the most extremely romantic incident in the poem, and as it was first written it had some likeness to the mechanical horrors of Monk Lewis, who in his ballad of "Alonzo the Brave" tell us that

> The worms they crept in and the worms they crept out,
> And sported his eyelids and temples about.

So Coleridge described Death in this stanza, afterwards suppressed—

> His bones were black with many a crack.
> All black and bare, I ween;
> Jet-black and bare, save where with rust
> Of mouldy damps and charnel crust,
> They're patched with purple and green.

There we have everything that was temporary and provincial in the romantic movement; everything that was wantonly opposed to classical good sense and proportion. Coleridge meant it to be horrible, but, like most things written with that aim, it makes one laugh rather than shudder. Mr. Coleridge also gives a new stanza "found added in the handwriting of the poet in the margin of a copy of the Bristol edition of the Lyrical Ballads." It comes just before the stanza we have just quoted and runs thus :—

> This ship it was a plankless thing,—
> A bare anatomy !
> A plankless spectre—and it mov'd
> Like a being of the sea !
>
> The woman and a fleshless man
> Therein sate merrily.

In the final version Coleridge describes neither Death nor the Ship in set terms ; and we do not miss the description of them because our attention is concentrated on the nightmare Life-in-Death.

There are cases in which the change of a word or two turns commonplace into magic. Thus :—"Like April hoar-frost spread" was first merely "Like morning frosts y-spread" ; and the last of the lines

> Till clomb above the Eastern bar
> The horned Moon, with one bright star
> Within the nether tip

ran originally "almost between the tips."

Our Puzzle Columns

TWO prizes, one of Rs. 15, and one of Rs. 10, will be awarded to those competitors who secure most marks in the solution of our puzzles in six months. Subscribers only can compete. Each competitor must give his name, his address, and his serial number. It has been already clearly stated that answers *must* be on a post card. In spite of this many competitors persist in sending their solutions in letter form. In this month's competition, and in all future months, we shall simply neglect any answers not written on a post card. The editor's decisions are final. Answer must be addressed to the Editor, c/o Messrs. T. S. Subramania & Co., 32, Armenian Street, Madras.

(I) Square word.

i. That which is never satisfied.
ii. Umpire's call.
iii. A fairy.
iv. Green isle of the west.

(II) Charades.

i. (*a*) The haven. (*b*) A troublous race. (*c*) Part of the human anatomy. (Whole) Indispensable to travellers.

ii. (*a*) Yielding to temptation. (*b*) Abhorred by all. (Whole) The student's foe.

iii. (*a*) Modern barter. (*b*) Breathes where man cannot. (*c*) Promontory. (Whole) The greatest curse of humanity.

(III) Changed letters.

i. I speak, but am inaudible; change my first, and I am audible indeed ; change it again, and I fear no fall ; change it for two letters, and I do come near to falling.

ii. I am an animal ; change my first, and I am the emotion it inspires ; omit my

first, and I am part of its body ; change my second, and I am another animal ; change my third, and I intoxicate ; change my last, and I am a vegetable.

(IV) Riddle-me-ree

My first is in whistle, but not in flute,
My second's in slowly, but not in mute,
My third is in scuttle, but not in coal,
My fourth is in tower, but not in pole,
My fifth is in heaven, and also in earth,
My sixth is in Paisley, and also in Perth,
My seventh is in order, but not in rule,
My eighth is in coal, and also in fuel,
My ninth is in tumble, but not in fall,
My whole is a goal that was sought by all.

Because answers (especially those from a distance) come in so late, it is found impossible to give results in the issue immediately succeeding that in which the puzzles themselves are given. Answers will, therefore, always be given in the next issue but one and results at the same time. The following are the solutions of the puzzles in the last issue but one.

Acrostic: FaN ApE IdlinG LoyaL UndinE RuniC ExiT

Charades : (1) Lancelot; (2) Goldsmith. Enigmas: (1) Chaucer(Saucer):(2) Saul (fall): (3) Sienna (Vienna); Wight (Kite).

Square Words: (1) ENID NASO ISER DORA (2) NERO EVIL RING OLGA (3) DIAZ IDEA AEON ZANY

The following are the marks secured:—
Maximum: 10
7 marks: Bakshi Ram, Kapurthala
6 „ C. Chandrasekhara, Hyderabad, Deccan.
Zerafat Hossain, Murshidabad.
3 „ K. Sankunny Menon, Ernakulam.
P. Venugopalachari, Madras.
2 „ G. Jagannad Sastry, Cocanada
Ajodhya Nath Bhatt, Agra.
M. V. Rayan, Ernakulam.
Sardar Mahommed, Sitapur, (Oudh).

THE PROGRESS OF A TERM.

By P. R. Krishnaswami,

Chapter I

A PROFESSOR'S REPROOF.

IT was the splendid structure of a Metropolitan College, facing the sea. In one of its large corridors, one afternoon in December, were walking arm in arm two young men, Mohan and Krishnan, both of the highest class of the Arts College. Both the lads were of the same stature and they were quite alike in their outward manner. But through the similar English costume could be distinguished the bright face of the Brahmin of the East in the one and the not less striking but distinctive features of a native of Malabar in the other.

"I have been feeling quite wretched all these months," complained Mohan in a slow languorous tone.

"That you always do" replied Krishnan in his frequent perverse and taunting manner which however had passed into an endearing quality to the intimate friend beside him.

"I have not been studying properly at all : you know I am vexed with a world of little troubles," continued Mohan as they passed farther on.

"Nor have I been doing much, and while you have the satisfaction of a legitimate cause of distraction, I myself have none," rejoined Krishnan.

Krishnan knew that Mohan was doting on his little fiance'e, who by the curious institutions of his society had been wedded to him in solemn ceremony for some years. The people of Malabar did not favour such early marriages and Krishnan was yet unwedded. But his soft nature had already begun to yearn for a friendly soul bound to

him in eternal companionship, on whom he could centre his warm affections and who by the offering of true love would cheer him in the pursuits of his eager life.

As the two friends were approaching their class room, a tall middle-aged Englishman with a genial countenance overtook them and desired that they should follow him to his private room. There the professor untied a bundle of answer-papers, writen by the students at an examination held previously. The papers of Mohan and Krishnan were picked out for comment on this occasion.

"I don't say you have done badly but I expected you to fare much better. These results are very disappointing."

The two lads had almost feared such a reproof when they received the summons from their professor. They were themselves conscious of the very unsatisfactory progress they had been making in their studies and that was indeed the cause of their melancholy as they walked along the corridor. And now they kept silent because they were touched that the professor's displeasure was mingled with paternal concern and a high regard for themselves.

"You have not been profiting by my lectures—indeed, I have frequently noticed both of you talking away your time and I have been put out considerably. Learn to pay proper attention to your professors." Mohan's mind echoed within himself: "My results are indeed disappointing, but the cause is elsewhere than in my having yet to learn to repect you."

Yes, the professor was naturally enough keenly offended at the inattention of his pupils and they suspected that their papers had received rather an unjustly low valuation when compared with others that profited greatly by offering the examiner the flattery of reproducing, in great part, the very form and matter of his own lectures. But it was of no use to protest. The large gallery class which they joined for the lectures in this particular subject had generally tempted their already distracted minds from concentration on the serious work in the class.

The professor dismissed them with aparting word: "Work up and do not falsify my originally high opinion of you." The friends were cast down with regret for the past and the difficulty of keeping up to their dutiful resolution for the future.

As Mohan sat at the desk day after day, the mental grasp required in his studies, had been continually impaired by constant reflection on the very annoying relations in which he seemed to stand to his beloved girl who lived away in the mofussil, in her father's home. She had indeed been made his wife about three years ago but he was hardly content with such a prosaic contract, largely brought about by the elders and sanctified by ceremony. Mohan was filled with a longing for real love to enliven the alliance he had been drawn into. The embarrassing conditions of the domestic life of his people prevented the free expression even to the smallest extent of the natural emotions of the heart. It was not as in the west a simple interrogation and an answer, "Will you love me?" "I will love you ever." Mohan had snatched many a feverish meeting with his dearest girl but the feeling yet remained with him that he had not obtained her love.

Chapter II.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Christmas was drawing near. The College enjoyed a shor trespite. Mohan

could hope to achieve something in the interval. But the holidays also provided occasion for the "world of little troubles" which he used to complain of to his friend Krishnan. A few days after, in the very ceremonious and respectful diction current in the letter-writing of his vernacular, he received a letter from his Lila, his bride of fourteen, informing him that she and her parents as well as their other children would be going to the city the next day and intended to spend there the Christmas week for a holiday. Here was exciting news and Mohan was filled with anxiety that the arrival of his Lila in the city should be turned to happy account.

The next day, as Mohan returned home at dusk after tennis he took Lila by surprise in the brightly lit staircase as she was coming down from the terrace. Lila smiled in delight at meeting her husband, and Mohan caught her gentle hands lest she should slip away from the bashful fear of being interrupted by a third person. Lila's face had acquired an unusual splendour in the first flush of womanhood and her large black eyes added a beaming charm to it. The bright golden face was lit up by a couple of earrings each set with seven little stones of ruby shedding brilliant light through their spotless purity. Lila loosened from Mohan one of her pretty hands to adjust more neatly the upper end of her brightly colored *saree.* The couple conversed for a few minutes, but Mohan observed that Lila was somewhat troubled through fear of being interrupted by one of her husband's people.

"Lila, we should have more time together will you consent to drive with me to the Marina to-morrow evening?" asked Mohan.

"Yes, but the people at home—" "You needn't mind their jests,—and you know they fear me."

Mohan took her consent for the drive the next evening and then they parted.

He then undressed and assuming a simple *dhoti* and a shirt, dropped into an easy chair in th verandah half in exhaustion and half in thought.

There were two sets of ceremonies concerned with the institution of marriage in his country. The first was the more important and quite essential while the second was generally gone through before the married couple actually began to live as man and wife. Till the second ceremony took place they met each other but sparingly and generally only in obedience to their parents or elders. The family to which Mohan belonged was advanced enough in rational ideas for Mohan to carry out the drive with Lila he intended for the next evening. But it would be better for him if the suggestion of the drive came from some one at home. He could count on as sympathetic soul in his own sister-in-law. His mother lived in a distant town where his father was an official. Mohan lived in the city with his brother, a rising young lawyer of the High Court. The lawyer's wife, Mohan's sister-in-law, who was about twenty—the same age as Mohan himself-and who had been residing in his brother's home for the last five years, was presently passing along the verandah and observing Mohan in the long chair, she half conjectured that he was thinking of Lila.

"Lila is so shy at home, why didn't you take her out for a drive to day?" asked his sister with a smile half friendly and half jesting.

"I shall do so to-morrow," answered Mohan blushing, "will you prepare her for it?"

"O, yes, with great pleasure." Mohan was completely pleased to see that his dearest wishes were going to be fulfilled quite easily through the kindly intervention of his sister-in-law.

(*to be continued*).